

# THE CENTURION OUTPOST



## Centurion Outpost Issue #5, May 2005

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## Mission Statement

The Centurion Outpost is a Christian Music magazine that focuses mostly on bands that like to use their music as a ministry to win souls to God. We basically want bands that have a ministry to get some exposure. We cover bands from genres such as Metal, Death Metal, Power Metal, Black Metal, Thrash Metal, Speed Metal, Grindcore, Metalcore, Hardcore, Punk, Street Punk, Hardcore Punk, and even some occasional Hard Rock. As you can see we really like our metal, so you can expect coverage of mostly metal bands. This does not make us an official metal magazine but we will cover ALOT of metal bands so if you like metal, you've come to the right place. Luckily it's completely FREE. We will try and email everything once a month, so we hope and pray we can get twelve issues out by the end of next year. If you have a friend who wants to subscribe please have them visit [www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost](http://www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost) or simply email Dan at [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com). You can contact Dan on AIM at Criesfrommypast and MSN at [Criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:Criesfrommypast@hotmail.com). Thanks for subscribing to Centurion Outpost.

-Dan and Mike

### **Want your band's CD in the Magazine?**

If you want your band to be covered in Centurion Outpost, you can send us your demo or album at 5858 Barberry Drive, Imperial MO, 63052. If you do send us a CD or demo, please include the full lyrics to the songs. We will not review anything that we haven't read the lyrics to. If your lyrics are printed on your bands website then feel free to just email us the link. If you want to be interviewed in the magazine then feel free to email Dan at [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com) thanks, God Bless.

## Staff Bios

### Dan Terry: Editor in Chief

I'm a 19-year-old college student currently enrolled at ITT Tech. I love metal, especially underground metal. I started this magazine in January of 2005 and have been working like a dog trying to get it off the ground. I do most of the Album Reviews, Interviews, Articles, and occasionally some artwork.

#### Dan's Favorite Albums this month

1. *Mortification: Selftitled*
2. *Sinai Beach: Immersed*
3. *House of Ill Repute: Selftitled*
4. *Symphony In Peril: the Whores Tophy*
5. *Extol: The Blueprint Dives*

### Michael Yahne: Art Designer

I'm an 18-year-old college student currently enrolled at Jefferson College. I do most of the artwork for Centurion Outpost. I love metal, hardcore, folk, street punk, dark ambience, and rock.

#### Mike's Favorite albums of the Month

1. *Extol: The Blueprint Dives*
2. *Zao: Selftitled*
3. *Extol: Burial*
4. *Flatfoot 56: The Rumble of 56*
5. *A Celtic Bagpipe Collection by Green Linnet Records*

## Contact

Feel Free to Contact us about anything, we would love to talk to you! We want as many opinions as possible, and if we get enough we can start printing them in the magazine. We will try and read each and every email and reply to them as fast as possible.

Michael: [mike17@ix.netcom.com](mailto:mike17@ix.netcom.com)

Dan: [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com)

If you want to write us a letter instead of email us then you can write us at Centurion Outpost 5858 Barberry Drive Imperial MO, 63052

## **Exousia: Welcome to the Kingdom of Light**

**Released: 2001**

**Label: Indie**

Exousia is marketed as a black metal band. I would agree that they have strong black metal influences, but their music seems more like power metal. Exousia plays this mix of black and power metal very well. The guitars are very fast and full of harmonies and solos. The guitar leads on this CD are really well done. The drums are very pummeling throughout, keeping up with the rest of the metal race. The vocals are done mostly in black metal styling, lots of high pitched shrieking going on. Although sometimes the music will slow down for a beautiful piano piece accompanied by some beautiful male and female clean singing. The mix is complete with the keyboards in the background. The keys are present throughout most of the CD, and provide some nice melodic pieces. Overall the music is very melodic and fast, it only slows down for some clean singing, keyboard pieces, or the occasional acoustic interlude. Nothing is particularly heavy here; the focus is more on the melodic classic metal side of things.

The production suffers a bit, but not to the point where you can't hear anything. It's just that everything seems a bit distant, the drums are not very distinct sometimes. The cover artwork looks great with a giant star of David on it. The CD booklet has all the lyrics in Spanish and English. There are several great pictures of the band scattered throughout, there are seven band members!!! A problem in the book is that on a few pages, the text is really dark and faded which makes the lyrics very hard to read.

The lyrics are very praiseful to Christ. The lyrics contain the message of salvation clearly. It is obvious that this band loves the Lord and is dedicating all of their music to Him. The English translation is pretty rough at times, but not horrible, the lyrics still make sense.

This CD is just flat out great. The music is very skillfully done, and the lyrics are presented very passionately. The guitar is just top notch, I could go on and on about it, but I'll spare you. Be sure to buy this CD wherever you find it. Clocks in at almost an hour. Long albums are always worth the price.  
Reviewed by Dan.

**Doulos: Oculito**

**Released: 2004**

**Label: Indie**

This may be my very first biased review. See Doulos is awesome. My reasoning for this has to do with the other night. I sat down and popped in Oculito and started playing Space Invaders on [www.firestream.net](http://www.firestream.net) and something in the music motivated me to achieve a ridiculous score of 186,000 points. I was then killed because the invaders were getting way too fast and the Doulos CD ended after 42 minutes. This struck me as odd because the CD only has six songs on it, but its definitely not an EP.

Doulos is a death/black metal band from Ecuador. Their sound definitely has a strong death metal center to it, but has a few black metal moments. The guitars sound very gritty, but can sound a bit thin at times. The guitar mix makes the CD sound very raw, but it almost sounds like the band is playing with metal guitar picks. The drums are very well done and pound you down; they also have a very raw and dingy sound to them. The vocals are awesome, a lot of very deep death growls. There are high shrieks there, especially in the black metal parts of the CD. A lot of websites describe Doulos as doom metal, but this CD is not really slow or doomy at all. There are even some fast blasting places on some songs. All of the lyrics are in Spanish. So if you don't speak Spanish there's not point in trying to understand them. The English translations for the songs can be found on the Doulos website [www.doulosdeath.netfirms.com](http://www.doulosdeath.netfirms.com). The lyrics are very Christ centered and very emotional. The song Oculito sounds like the vocalist is in tears. There's an awesome bonus track which is a cover of Mortification's 40:31. This song is also done in Spanish. I actually like this version better than the original because Doulos does it with death vocals.

Overall this 42 minute CD comes as quite a surprise. There are still a few copies left over at [www.rottingrecords.tk](http://www.rottingrecords.tk). The version sold there is very rare brought over from Brazil. So check it out before its gone.

-Reviewed by Dan.

## **Necromanicider: Revelations of the Third Millennium**

**Released: 2004**

**Label: Extreme Records**

Necromanicider plays death/doom metal all the way from Brazil. Yet another great purchase from the boys at Rotting Records. This CD is LOONG, about an hour long with some pretty good production.

Necromanicider doesn't play true doom metal, but the overall pace of the CD is slow. The guitars plod along slowly but not boring. The drums sound good and are not drowned out. The vocals are death metal growls predominantly. These types of vocals are awesome, kind of vocal style that my friends and I call belch vocals. This vocal style is very prominent in the many Brazil based death metal bands.

There are a few things I dislike about this album. First thing is the cover artwork. I very much dislike seeing demons on the cover of a Christian metal album. Secondly all the blood curdling screams on the album get on my nerves, they really aren't scary, they are just really overused and get annoying very fast. If there was 50% less of this annoying screaming the CD would be that much more enjoyable.

The lyric translation is pretty rough, but the lyrics are very ministry centered. The images in the booklet seem to reference the meanings of the lyrics. Some of the images are very disturbing. The images next to the song Sacrifice Children are of a man eating a chopped up dead baby. This is extremely sickening imagery but I think it is very effective in illustrating just how sick the world we live in is.

The booklet also includes a Salvation prayer; I particularly like this one because there is a brief explanation of the gospel before the prayer, so that the listener can understand why the prayer is important. There is also a brief explanation of the name Necromanicider.

Overall this CD is a great purchase, being very long and Christ centered. If you don't mind the cover and all the blood curdling screams, then this could easily become a favorite in your death metal collection. This CD can be purchased at Rotting Records ([www.rottingrecords.tk](http://www.rottingrecords.tk)) for a very fair price. So get it while it lasts.

Reviewed by Dan.

## **Underground Rot 2 Metal Compilation**

**Released: 2005**

**Label: Rotting Records**

This is Rotting Record's second compilation disc. I have not heard the first one, but I am hoping that it is just as good as this one. This compilation put out by RR features seventeen bands total, six black metal bands, three thrash metal bands, and eight death/grind bands. Ill do each band in order.

The disc starts off with Divine Symphony who plays some awesome melodic atmospheric black metal. Lots of speed riffing and keyboards with some high pitched BM vocals. Second comes Poems of Shadows who plays some raw and harsh sounding black metal, no singing or keys, just straight up kill kill kill. Up next we've got Mercy who plays some great atmospheric black metal with great keys and some awesome drumming. Next comes Dirge of Bays, very grim Black metal, guitars are ridiculously fast and the vocals are odd hiss like vocals. Serenade in Darkness is next with their atmospheric black metal with some beautiful female vocals, they get a bit old though, I don't think the woman should have been mimicking all of the vocals like she was. Next comes Nocturnal faith with some great melodic black metal, cool keyboard effects, and vocals. Exodo plays some mid paced thrash metal with some weird thrash screams going on. Flesh Rot plays a fast thrash song with grunting vocals that are impossible to understand, their production needs some help. The Joke? is probably the best thrash band on the disc with some distinct vocals and some killer guitar work. Clemency kills you with their ultra heavy death/grind assault. Necromanicer is up next with some great doom metal, lots of those annoying blood curdling screams are all over this song, great vocals and cool guitar work towards the end. Brutal Sacrifice plays some very straight forward death/thrash metal, drumming and bass playing is good, production is.....nasty. Orthos plays some very good Gothenburg style metal, but their production is really horrible, the vocals are barely distinguishable. Spirits Breeze plays some very fast and pummeling death/grind with two varying vocal styles and some incredibly fast drumming. Sabbatarium plays some decent death metal vocals, with some great deep growling. Baroques Lord plays some great old school death metal with great guitar work and deep death vocals. Ministros Del Santrario plays some good death metal with awesome "belch" vocals and sweet drumming.

Overall this seventy eight minute compilation is the greatest thing since hot muffins, so you should really buy it, and then buy one for your best friend because you know that he or she deserves it.

Reviewed by Dan



## **Bloody Sunday: They Attack At Dawn**

**Released: 2004**

**Label: Strikefirst Records**

Spirit filled hardcore, anybody remember it? The sound, the passion I truly miss it. Yet now with bands like Bloody Sunday maybe I won't have to miss it anymore. This is Bloody Sunday's debut release on Strikefirst Records.

Bloody Sunday plays hardcore, not metalcore, or emo core, they play in your face, jump into the pit, grab the microphone, and praise the Lord hardcore. That means tons and tons of heavily down tuned and distorted speedy punk riffs. The guitar players take you on a roller of speed and aggression, only to destroy you with their blistering breakdowns. The drums keep up nicely with all the double bass you can shake a stick at. The screaming has no metal influence, it's not growling or singing, just straight up hardcore yells and barks. The breakdowns are brutal and the pits are intense. Could this possibly get any better?

The lyrics deal with a lot of different topics. The first song is about how corrupted and egotistical the current hardcore scene has become. There are the classic songs about friends backstabbing friends. Songs about Christ's love. Songs about turning to Christ in time of depression. Songs about renewing of faith. Overall the lyrics are everything you could expect from a spirit filled hardcore album, very Christ centered. One thing I love about this style of music is the fact that the advice given is valid for Christians and non Christians alike, there is no partiality. This is music that is intended for everyone to hear. The "accept Christ" message is there, but the songs also teach the strong bonds created by friendship and brotherhood. Now here comes the major drawback to this album. There are nine actual songs (plus an intro) but the CD only clocks in at a disappointing eighteen minutes. If you love this kind of spirit filled hardcore then it will be the greatest eighteen minutes you can spend, but to the rest of the world this is simply too short. Be sure to keep your eyes on this band, hopefully they will really go somewhere in the future.

Reviewed by Dan.

**Jesus Wept: Sick City****Released: 2004****Label: Strikefirst Records**

Strikefirst records really has been doing a great job over the past two years of reviving the dying genre of spirit filled hardcore bands. Jesus Wept plays some awesome old school hardcore, but it packs quite a punch. The guitars are down tuned and heavy, but they never slow down except for on the breakdowns but you won't mind will you?

The guitars are great and fast, this CD sounds best when you're driving in your car. The bass really hits you as do the drums. This CD really will make you want to jump in the pit and go nuts. Vocals are done as mostly yells, barks, and gang vocals. This 16 minute EP will breathe new life into this genre, as it provides a lot of new school and old school elements.

The lyrics are very passionate and in your face. They deal with subjects like depression and how turning to Christ in hard times is the only safe method of dealing with these feelings. Other subjects deal with facing your past, and using those experiences to brighten your future. One song even deals with relying on Christ to get us through depressing weather. This is yet another one of those CD's where the lyrics are ministry based, but are very much focused on helping people through their hard times. The kind of lyrics that can benefit anybody (I swear I am not reviewing the Bloody Sunday album again) are spread throughout this city. This CD is very much recommended to anybody who likes hardcore or heavy music in general. The lyrics are positive, the music is fast and heavy, and the breakdowns will kill you. I very much look forward to a full length from this band.

Reviewed by Dan.

**Old School Review for May**  
**Paramecium: Exhumed of the Earth**  
**Released: 1993**  
**Label: Indie**

So this is a very interesting story. I bought this CD three years ago at my local flea market. It only cost me three dollars. I remember buying it from the guy with a huge smile on my face. I don't think he realized what he had. I popped the CD into my CD player and entered the world of Paramecium. I was greeted with about two minutes full of beautiful operatic singing, then the slow and heavy guitars kicked in. The continued for a long long time until the growling vocals of Andrew Tompkins kicked in. From that point on what I heard was one of Christian metal's dooziest masterpieces.

Before I bought this CD, all I knew about Paramecium was that Jayson Sherlock(ex Mortification) played drums. This CD is one of the longest I have heard in awhile, its sixty six minutes long. The opening track is a whopping seventeen minute song. There are only seven songs on the whole disc. The guitars are down tuned and doomy as can be. The opening riff to the CD does not change until like seven minutes into the song. All the vocals are growled deep, except for the female operatic singing. There is a lot of folk influence in the music itself but does not use any folk instruments like they do on their second album. The drums are mid paced, but skillfully performed throughout. Mr. Sherlock is very talented in any style he chooses to perform.

The lyrics are basically bible stories mostly. A lot of songs look as if they were taken word for word from the Bible. The songs speak of Christ's birth and resurrection. This CD was a great debut from a band who would go on to make a big name for themselves in the Christian metal scene. Now twelve years later, this CD is still considered to be one of if not the greatest doom metal releases ever.

That is why it is considered a classic. It can still be purchased at

[www.paremeceum.com](http://www.paremeceum.com).

Reviewed by Dan.

## **May Interview: Becoming the Archetype**

**Dan: Who are you and what do you do in BTA?**

***BTA: My name is Jason Wisdom; but everyone just calls me Wisdom. I sing and play bass.***

**Dan: did you come up with the name BTA?**

***BTA: Well we wanted a name that was as unique as it was meaningful. The name in itself is a statement of who we are and what we stand for.***

**Dan: did u guys hook up with Solid State?**

***BTA: We were lucky enough to get on the new band showcase at Cornerstone '04 and further blessed to have some of boys from Demon Hunter catch enough of the set to be interested in us.***

**Dan: Have they been treating you good?**

***BTA: Phenomenal. Let this interview put to rest all the talk about how awful SolidState/Tooth and Nail treats their bands.***

**Dan: Your music is more metal than hardcore, what bands or musicians do you draw influence from?**

***BTA: We draw influence from bands in almost every genre not just metal. Most of us grew up listening to Five Iron Frenzy, MxPx, Supertones etc and we still love that stuff. A couple of us venture even farther into the unknown of the Christian underground listening to bands like Blaster The Rocket Boy/Man and Mercury Radio Theater. Seth really likes Radiohead, Joy Electric, Enya, The Ramones, Poison etc...and a lot of Classical music. Jon and I listen to some Dream Theater and Symphony X among other things. Sean is really into stuff like Copeland and MeWithoutYou and Duck listens to a lot of sermons on his iPod. We all love just about everything Living Sacrifice and Extol have ever done and that of course is a little more apparent in our sound than the groups I previously listed.***

**Dan: What is the mission of BTA?**

***BTA: To reach people with the message that hope is only found in Christ.***

**Dan: What do you think of the current Christian metal scene? Spiritually and Musically?**

***BTA: Its not what it once was. As more bands have made it big in the secular market, we have really seen a dramatic shift from the "Spirit Filled" hardcore days of old. So many bands have become pretty***

***ambiguous about their faith. I'm not going point fingers, or to be the one to say that bands should go about displaying their faith in any particular way but I think there should at the very least be a small amount of indisputable evidence as to where they stand.***

**Dan: What bands would be on your dream tour?**

***BTA: Five Iron Frenzy, MxPx, Supertones, Blaster The Rocket Man and Living Sacrifice. People would just have to deal with the genre differences, cuz its our dream tour. And it would have to be a fest.***

**Dan: What CD's have you been listening to lately?**

***BTA: In the last couple days i have personally listened to Squad Five-O, Deluxtone Rockets, Ghoti Hook, Value Pac, Project 86 and StarFlyer 59.***

**Dan: Any funny tour stories?**

***BTA: After we get a couple more tours under our belt we will let you know. Sorry it takes a while with us we are pretty boring. We like to practice and go to sleep early.***

**Dan: Thoughts on your new album coming out?**

***BTA: We are really excited about getting our new material out there for people to hear. Its much more creative, progressive and metal than anything we have done before. If people choose to put this album in the "metalcore" category they will have to put it at the top of the heap. You have never heard a "metalcore" band do the things we are doing on this record. Even in the most broad classification of "metal" this record will really stand out.***

**Dan: Where do you see BTA in five years?**

***BTA: Man i don't think i can even go there. That's in God's hands. But i will say we will keep on striving to put out the most creative and musically sound stuff we can for as long as we are a band. And unless someone else starts writing our lyrics they will always be unashamed of and give glory to God.***

**Dan: Any closing comments?**

***BTA: Thanks so much man for getting in touch with us. God bless you and what you are doing. -End***

**[www.becomingthearchetype.com](http://www.becomingthearchetype.com)**

# PURPOSEFUL FARCE

BY

MICHAEL DAVID YAHNE

Mikk ran. He ran, not looking back, rushing clumsily over the rubble, missing one of the many gaping chasms by a hairs-breadth. At first he had been paralyzed with awe, now raw, animal terror took hold of him and sent him careening from the strange pale being who had spared him. Too scared to utter a sound, only the crackling of power lines and crumbling of concrete could be heard as he scrambled over slag and unto what was left of the parade ground. He heard the ground give way behind him, and strained himself to outrun the vast fissure that was expanding to devour him. His muscles and tendons, already weak from torture, felt as though searing iron bands were wrapping around him, but he doubled his stride. Two thoughts now held the whole of his mind: escape and the chance at freedom. He had never known any place but this; he had always been stifled by it, a city of fear and blind acceptance. Now he was free. The hope that now filled his very being prodded him forward, and he risked a swift rear glance. The rift had slowed its advance, and he slowed his pace. He still ran though. He saw a forest loom ahead; he felt that if he could reach it he would surely be safe. Then the land fell away under his feet, and sent him plunging with his hopes into the black depths, utterly swallowed by the Earth.

He fell for what seemed an eternity, his sides sometimes smashing against roots and stones. The dark closed in all around him, he heard the screams of people he had once known and feared, not knowing whether they were real or imagined. In true darkness one does not know anything. It is impossible to describe the terror that Mikk felt as he hurtled downwards. Every second brought with it the possibility of splattering into the ground, it was not a question of if he would die, but when, and this realization made his mind reel. He began to scream. Each painful contact with the sides of the chasm drove him even more out of his mind; he began to call out for the end, a merciful end to this ordeal. He received his request. Feeling his body plunge into icy water, he came to his senses and the will to survive took over once again. As he rose to the surface he gasped for breath and flailed about him, trying to find something, anything to cling to. His hands brushed against what must've been a tree, and he grasped it's branches. He panted there, completely exhausted. It appeared that this was an underground stream, because there was a current pulling the uprooted tree along. Much time passed while he clung in the darkness. All was silent except for the gurgling of the water, the lapping of waves against the stream's banks from which he guessed that it must be a very narrow stream. At length he stretched out a tentative hand and scraped the soft earthy sides of the tunnel. There was a faint light far in the distance, growing larger bit by bit. He soon found himself floating into a vast cavern lit by thousands of glowing fungi, which breathed an unwholesome miasma-like vapor. By their faint light he could make out paintings on the walls, ancient icons of men in brown robes and flames dancing above their heads. Their huge, hollow eyes seemed to gaze benignly at him through half closed lids. The sight of them made him feel even more uncomfortable. His body throbbed like a single bruise. It was with relief that he slid from the log and collapsed on the banks of the stream. The sound of water dripping from the stalactites echoed weirdly, lulling him to sleep.

Mikk awoke suddenly to the sound of voices. He lay motionless, not daring to move lest they notice him. A rasping, not quite human voice was conversing furtively with another one, a calm dignified voice with a dialect Mikk did not recognize.

“Well, it over. Over now. Now’s ‘a time. Time f’ leavin’.”

The second voice answered, “Why do you say that? I ken the last time such shaking transpired. It may well be and then it mightn’t. There shall be flesh enough when the right day comes, aye and souls aplenty.”

“Souls? Y’spek ‘a souls what yah don know. Meats real. Ah hear ‘em up yon, waulin’ and dyin. S’ sign.”

“So you give your lusts full reign before the time of their blossom and mock that of which you have no knowledge. Fool. We shall keep vigil here for a time.” The rasper was temporarily silenced by this, but then took a weeding tone with his comrade.

“But, yah see ‘em? ‘At wot stare an stare?”

“What, the Paintings?”

“Burnin’ into a soul wot ain’t ‘dere!”

“You are always the coward, and insolent into the bargain. Their time is past, they shan’t be returning. You can wager all the flesh you’ve a mind to on that.”

Mikk felt a strange mixture of fear and indifference just then, fear of this new and obviously hostile presence, and a feeling of defeat. Part him seemed to say that it didn’t matter what happened, he would never escape from this place so deep under the land. If the things got him now, well that was just as good as later. But there was another side to him, a desperate desire to survive. He would get through this he told himself, and he suddenly became angry with himself for his past defeatism. He still feared though, but not enough to keep him from turning slowly on the ground to see the creatures. He was overcome with relief to find that after a long inspection of the cave, there was no one in sight. The voices continued, issuing from over an outcropping of smooth limestone. They were still bickering, now as he grew used to them, they seemed almost comical.

“Yaaaauug! Yer alwaus a fine fool yahsel if’n ah sez, ya spen all kindom come unda ground!”

“I? It’s ye who’ll – cease. Smell something?”

“Ya. Somthin an ‘ere.”

Mikk moved quickly, they were coming, whatever they were, and he wanted to be ready. He grabbed hold of the tree that had washed up on the bank and frantically tore off a good solid branch. He wheeled around to face them and steeled himself for the confrontation. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of those fiendish beings. One stood tall and sickeningly stalk-like, a tattered robe emblazoned with a myriad of runes and ogham script, a hood hiding it’s face. In it’s bony hands it held a staff, from which dangled a line of vials and flasks. On it’s back was strapped what looked like a tank of boiling liquid. The second thing was also emaciated, but crouched low to the ground, it’s claws dangling down and clutching a sickle and gutting knife. The face of this one was a hideous merging of man and beast, and the limbs not covered by long trailing rags were tattooed with spikes and needle-like designs. They came shambling over the rocks toward Mikk, the robed one shouting, “Hold! Don’t sever the neck, the soul won’t distil properly!” Mikk was not about to wait and find out just how they intended to ‘distil’ his soul, and swung the staff at the croucher. The beast drew back, but then rushed again with a snarl and grazed Mikk’s left arm with the sickle. Pain maddened him, and he lashed out again with the staff, catching his foe in the face and knocking it into the cavern wall. He turned

just in time to leap away from the hooded one, who was trying to grab him by the throat and stick his head into the boiling tank which he had lowered to the ground. These monsters weren't just homicidal, they were clearly insane. "Stand fast, you," the hooded one gasped as Mikk swung out at him. The croucher still lay crumpled against the wall, long years of little exercise and less nourishment had weakened him greatly. Mikk charged his remaining opponent and was struck in the ribs by it's staff. He doubled over, the wind knocked from his body, he rolled as clutching hands sought to lay hold of him. The hooded one tripped over the tank and scalded it's legs in the searing liquid. The hood fell back to reveal the face of a young man with sunken eyes. This eerie figure drew back to cover his face, and Mikk rushed him, picking up the tank and hurling the contents into the man's face. He didn't scream, he just fell to the floor, holding this head and rocking back and forth. Mikk stood and stared at him. He stood with his staff in hand, rage in his heart, prepared to beat the murdering devil's head in. His eyes had misted over, his head swooned with adrenaline. Then every thing went quiet, and all he could hear was the echoing drips of the cavern, and the whimpering of his other enemy. The rage faded from him as quickly as it had come, and he felt sick. The man on the ground was speaking, his voice barely above a wisper. Mikk suddenly felt very small and alone, his vanquished foes were once terrible and deadly, now they lay broken, he had seen the ravages of hunger before, and knew these creatures had suffered. Maybe it was the lack of wholesome feeding that had driven them mad. Another thought occurred to him then, what if they were men marred by the great catastrophe that he had heard whispered of before. It had rained a dreadful fire of man's design all over the world, and had sowed the earth with corruption, marring everything it touched. This was said to have happened over eighty years ago, perhaps even a full century, but everyone still lived with it's consequences, one of which being that those infected heavily with the warp would infect anyone they came near to. At this thought Mikk drew back from them. He could just barely hear the man spit the words, "you won't last, they're coming you fool, our time is at hand and all usurpers will be damned." Mikk turned away without a word of reply; he had no time to listen to this. He saw a tunnel leading upwards, and decided to abandon the stream in favor of solid ground. He began his journey to the surface.

As Mikk walked, he marveled that there were so many glowing mushrooms and lichens spread across the tunnel walls. The vapors they gave off were stifling though, and he covered his mouth. The tunnel rose steadily, not turning or ending. He soon grew weary, and lay down to sleep, his dreams were troubled by the past. He found himself back in the learning center, sitting hunched in the cubicle as the instructor taught them the laws of the Collective. "You are members of the greatest nation in the world. The reason of our greatness is that we have thrown off the yoke of religion, eliminated superstition and done away with the decrepit system of capitalism. The other nations have persisted in their out-dated ways, and so will soon fall. Under our law, all are equal. There is no injustice, we have achieved a perfect system." Mikk turned as his friend Ferral muttered, "some are more equal than others." The instructor turned to Ferral, who buried his face in his notebook. Too late. The instructor strode over to him and placed a clammy hand on Ferral's shoulder. "What was that?" Ferral looked up at the man, his face betraying defiance. "Very well Ferral, you have often proved a disruption to the learning center. Now I have no choice but to set an appointment with the counselor." It had been nearly a week before Mikk saw Ferral again. He had come back wide-eyed and jittery, and spoke rarely. He gave the instructor his complete undivided attention, and Mikk grew to loath the people who had wrought this change. And that was it; he couldn't put his finger on just who was responsible, was it the instructor, the counselor, or someone else? The whole system was



oppressive, he remembered that one day he could no longer take it. He stood up in the middle of the instructor's lecture, and pointed an accusing finger at him. "What have you done to my friend?" he demanded, gesturing to Ferral, who buried his head in his hands and spoke nothing. The instructor seethed with rage but was unable to utter a sound. No one had dared such disrespect for years. This little counter-revolutionary would have to pay.

Mikk awoke slowly, the experience still running around in head. For a sickening moment he thought that he was back there, still being crammed to the brim with lies and persecuted for questioning them. He still shuddered at the thought of that place, it may seem so strange to feel such revulsion towards a place you have lived in your whole life, but that was the case with Mikk. His fear of what lay ahead was outdone by his hatred of the past, and so he continued in the half-light of the surreal fungi. The tunnel went on and on, sometimes leveling out, sometimes rising steeply, but never ceasing. By now he had grown numb to the ache of muscles and feet, and kept pace as if he was an automaton, never stopping. He felt lightheaded and giddy from the vapors, and almost thought he heard voices. He mindlessly ambled on until he heard something behind him. He stopped and turned with a heady, deliberate slowness, and was rewarded with the sight of a crowd of howling, leaping things racing up after him. They ran on furry, scaly, and stalk-like legs, their bodies clothed in purple and black robes, not that Mikk could distinguish any color in this green-shaded shaft. Only after taking all this in, and realizing that he was once again confronted with his doom, did he finally turn around and run. He once again felt hopelessness, this whole journey had been a comically sorrowful farce from its very beginning. He ran, turning quickly to see the nightmarish host gaining on him. Suddenly, he burst from the tunnel out into trees and fresh air. The trees were gigantic, their huge, blackened trunks rising upwards, blocking out the light. He felt strangely energized by this change of scenery, and sprinted. Avoiding the trees and bracken at his feet, he sped down an old path. The cries of his pursuers rang in his ears. Mikk turned to see a goblin-like face breathing hoarsely into his own, he yelled at it, startling the robed fiend. They seemed to be closing in on him from the sides, a pincer movement. He kept going, his toughened form was proving more durable in each new trial. His eyes were blinded by the sun as he came flying from the forest. He heard the screams of his hunters as they recoiled from the light, falling back into the inky darkness of the wood. In his wild exultation, he nearly sent himself falling over the side of a cliff, he fell to the ground and clutched the dirty sod to his chest, gasping for breath. Then he saw a thing that burned itself into his mind, that burned everything else from his mind with its ominous echo. There, stretching out below in a wasteland, was a road. Many roads in fact. They all branched from the forest path that Mikk had stumbled upon before, there were perhaps a half dozen of them, all splaying out and disappearing into the horizon where dark mountains stood out against the dry, parched wilderness. He lay there, tired and famished, not able to accept a sight of such beauty and despair. His only consolation was a tiny spring that gushed by the foot of the cliff. After he had looked for a long time at the crossroads, he loped down the path and lowered himself into the spring. There he drank of it, and mused on his next move. Now that he had escaped the underground, his situation had not really improved. He was without food, in fact he had not eaten in days. Now that he looked harder at the wasteland, he could see the many ridges and rifts stretching along the roads. There were groves of trees scattered here and there, it was not a wasteland after all, but it still looked unwelcoming. "Well," he told himself, "there's not much else I *can* do. It's either go on or backward, and I'm not fond of *their* company. If I do go on though, I walk into a land where I can't be sure of my next meal. I can't be sure if I stay anyway. Go on. The only thing to do." He put a hand to his brow, kneading it as if trying to

wring some form of guidance from it. "I'd never been away from the Collective my whole life. Not just the Collective, the city! And now," he mused, the sheer scope of his resurrected life fully dawning on him, "I've come miles from it. *Miles...* I can't stop now." He rose and washed his clothes. Mikk stretched out, catwise next to the spring and examined his shoes carefully. They were worn, with a loose sole on the left one, but they would serve for the time being. He was a creature born from urban spawl, and the intricacies of 'roughing it' were unknown to him. He had rarely ventured far beyond the city walls, and now for the first time in his life he was not surrounded by crowds. He was tough after a fashion, work in the factories had given him strong limbs, but he lacked the grace and agility bestowed upon the dwellers of the wild. Luck it seemed, was Mikk's strong suit, and one that he seemed to be laying all his bets on. There seemed to be just too many times already, when he had come so close to death, only to be delivered just in the very moment of destruction. To many times to have been coincidence. Mikk was unaware of such concepts as destiny or divine providence, but he had heard furtive whispers of a God, and now those memories instilled him with a rough (and still ignorant) sense of...purpose? Yes, purpose, and now he put on his clothes and shook the dirt from his shoes. He set his back to the setting sun, and began his trek.

Mikk went on for a short way, but soon deemed that it would be best to stop and rest in the darkness. Better that than run blindly into some other ungodly monstrosity, he didn't trust his luck that much. There was no call to be fool-hardy, and with this last thought he sat down with his head resting on a stone. He watched the light fade from the land, and half-slept until the rising of the sun. It came up behind the mountains, an orange and red blast of muted hues and brilliant flashes, bathing everything in its glory. Mikk rose and continued. The road sloped down to the crossroads he had seen from the cliff, but he did not tarry or veer from his course, straight and sure. As he moved deeper into the country, the woods and hills loomed around him, until only the very tips of the mountains could be seen from where he now trod. He was hungry, oh, his innards churned 'till it felt as though his organs were devouring each other. He began to search for something to eat. Un-versed in the lore of wild plants, he nonetheless knew raw meat could suffice, and was in earnest pursuit of an irate squirrel when he burst into yet another situation. There in a clearing, caught in what seemed a huge spider's web, was a man. Hanging upside-down, he stared at Mikk for what seemed ages. Horrified, Mikk stepped tentatively forward, scanning the place for arachnids of what must be unusual size. Then, the man spoke. "It's not what you think."

"What?! Mikk started.

"I *said*, it's not what you think it is. No giant spiders. Nothing' to be to frazzed about." Mikk stood there, completely confused. "So," he began cautiously, "you don't think you want to be let down."

The man rolled his eyes heavenward, "Don't want to be let down, oh that's a treat. Wouldja listen to this," he seemed to be speaking to the someone or something in the forest, "Of course I'd like to be let down. In fact, my dear friend, if you do not let me go, I'll probably be eaten alive." Mikk was now completely baffled.

"But you said there weren't any spiders."

"Look, I now what this stuff looks like, but it's not spider web."

“Then WHAT is it?” asked Mikk, clearly exasperated.

“Just get me down!”

The man was pale, with red hair that had been distastefully dyed blue, the red at the roots clashing with the tips. His face was young, he was maybe a little older than Mikk, and he was possessed of a fine, lyrical sounding voice, which was now engaged in berating the puzzled rescuer. Mikk took a handful of the sticky threads and began to unravel it. They stuck to him, and he drew back, trying to scrape them off with his feet, which in turn got stuck. The prisoner grimaced. “Beautiful. Just peachy. You’ll end up hanging here too ya big duffus. You brainless ---Ak!” He fell from his encasement, falling on his face. Mikk tore at the webbing and succeeded in removing it quickly enough. “What is this stuff?” he asked. The man got up and brushed the dust and dirt off. He looked around and said, “maniacs, man. Guys have gone and blown a gasket or two if you ask me. Dancing to the crazy beat, and I don’t mean in the good kinda way either. All robes and crap.” Mikk’s eyes widened. “Yeah,” the man continued, “Go around settin up traps. Daft as ferrets.” He seemed to be striving to come up with every idiom possible for the mentally deviant. “That’s what, I mean I know what you’re talking about,” Mikk replied, “I escaped from the caverns and they’ve followed me here.” The man stared at him. At length, he said, “Out of the ground, eh? Figures. Only see ‘em at night, not the kind of scene I’d like to be associated with.” He held out his hand, “names’ Bard. Thanks be to you m’ man.” Mikk shook hands vigorously, “I’m Mikk.”

“Mikk, what kind of a name is that? Anyway, we’d better get goin’, they’ll come for us after dark.”

“So you know the way?”

“Think so.”

Mikk was silent for some time as he followed Bard, running through the forest, he remembered.

“So, Bard, got any food?”

## **Genre Debates=Good or Bad?**

This is similar to the Black or Unblack article, but bear with me. Genre debates seem to be the heavy music fan's favorite past time. All day long we will argue endlessly about whether a given band plays "neo power nu metal with some death and atmospheric black influences" or simply "power metal." So I'll go ahead and present both sides of this.

There are those who cannot stand to see people label things incorrectly. I will admit that mislabeling things is very annoying. This is a reasonable thing to be irritated by. For those who disagree, let me give you an example. Your eating lunch with somebody who is eating a banana, and he or she keep saying "wow this apple is so amazing, it's the best apple I have ever had." You may not say anything about it, but this will bother you.

Now there are those who like to keep things simple. People who may not have been listening to metal since they were four years old. Maybe there is no underground scene where they live. They feel that it is not their fault that for years Slipknot was always referred to as Hardcore or Metal. They are bothered by the fact that every word they say is picked apart, and people personally ridicule them for not being as "informed" as everyone else.

So basically we have to find a way to be informative without being Pharisees about it. A message board can be a very frightening place for a new person. If you say the wrong thing, you may not be able to continue on that board. I do feel that informing somebody of what a genre sounds like is necessary, but we don't have to be nasty about it. Anybody who pretends they have been listening to metal since they were four is lying. We must all remember we had to start somewhere.

As Christians we are called to be Christ like and to build each other up, not tear each other down. By being non excepting, ignorant, or acting superior, we do not set a very good example. Just remember, at one time in your life, you were a newbie too.

-Dan

# May Band Spotlight

## Cabbalistic

**Cabbalistic is a one man Christian black metal project. He has just finished a five song demo called Final Assault.**



**You can purchase it for \$4 at  
[www.cabbalistic.vstore.com](http://www.cabbalistic.vstore.com)**

**This is grim sounding black metal with very raw production. Check it out now at  
[www.purevolume.com/divinerights](http://www.purevolume.com/divinerights)**

Attention BANDS!!!!!!!!!!!!

Centurion Outpost Records is looking for Christian metal bands to do a compilation CD.

Bands from any genre of metal are welcome.

The compilation will be released in January of 2006

For more information go to

[www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost](http://www.freewebs.com/centurionoutpost)

Or email Dan at [criesfrommypast@hotmail.com](mailto:criesfrommypast@hotmail.com)

The list of bands should be up on the website shortly

## **Great Places to buy Christian Music**

- 1. Rotting Records-Best Prices for underground metal CDs, Best shipping prices at \$1.50 per CD. Lots of rare stuff.  
[www.rottingrecords.tk](http://www.rottingrecords.tk)**
- 2. Blastbeats-Good prices, used and new CDs, Biggest selection of CD's.  
[www.blastbeats.com](http://www.blastbeats.com)**
- 3. Shaver Audio and Video-Lots of great DVDs and Videos, shipping included in prices.**
- 4. Radrockers-Huge selection of CD,but must have a minimum order of \$25**

**More distros coming soon.**

If you are not a Christian and you want to become one, here are some good facts to know.

1. Adam and Eve were the first humans created by God.

a. They could live with God forever because they were innocent.

b. Satan (the devil, Lucifer...etc) tricked Adam and Eve into breaking God's law.

2. Adam and Eve were condemned to death for their sin and cast out of the Garden of Eden to die.

a. Since they were sinful, their offspring were sinful.

b. We stemmed from Adam and Eve, so we are sinful.

3. God pitied our poor pathetic souls.

a. We were born sinful so we are doomed to die from birth.

b. In order to pay the debt for sinning, a life is required as payment.

4. God came down and walked as a man as Jesus.

a. Jesus was a man but He was also God

b. Jesus was not sinful from birth because He was God and did not stem from Adam and Eve.

5. Jesus died and paid the debt for humanity's sin

a. Jesus was able to pay the debt for humanity because He was not sinful.

b. Since Jesus was God, his death was sufficient payment for all the sins of humanity, past and present.



6. Three days after His death, God raised Jesus from the dead.

a. Jesus rose and explained that He was the judge on whether or not we went to Heaven or Hell when we died.

b. Jesus holds our salvation in His hands because He paid the debt for our sins.

7. Jesus explained that in order to get to Heaven when you die, you have to believe in Him and acknowledge what He did for you.

a. When you accept Him and believe in Him, you will receive His gift of salvation in the form of the Holy Ghost (or Holy Spirit).

b. The Holy Ghost is God's/Jesus' spirit dwelling within you.

c. When you receive the Holy Ghost, you will be able to enter Heaven and live forever with God when you die.

8. Satan is jealous of God's majesty and is dedicated to destroying all that God creates and loves.

a. This means that Satan hates you (because God loves you). So he will do anything to keep you from getting the Holy Ghost.

b. Satan will do this by trying to make you believe ANYTHING but God's truth.

c. Satan will try and steal as many souls as he can from God, before God returns and destroys him.

9. Christ will return to Earth sometime in the future to destroy the world and take with Him all those who have

the Holy Ghost, all the rest will be sent to Hell and live in eternal separation from God.

10. If you want to become a Christian and go to Heaven when you die, pray this prayer.

"Jesus, I ask You to forgive me for my sins and set me free from the powers of the Devil. I want You from this moment on to be Lord in my life and I want You to take away the burdens of my heart. Jesus I believe that You are God and that You died and rose from the dead as Your word (the Bible) says. I believe that You once and for all, totally defeated Death and the Devil. I ask that You receive me as Your child and to save me right now. Thank You Jesus. In Christ's name I pray Amen."

For more information, read the Bible (available at any public library or local church) and check into a local Bible Believing Church. God Bless you on your new life.

-Dan



